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MUSICK AND REVIEW

DEVOTED TO MUSIC AND ART.

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THE RANGE OF VOICES.

OME time ago, one Signor Vallo, of Philadelphia, emitted the theory that voices were contracting—that the contralto and the basso were passing away and being replaced by mezzo-soprano and barytone. Mr. Henry Haynie, the Paris correspondent of the *Boston Sunday Herald*, interviewed a number of the leading teachers of music in the French capital upon the subject, and sends their replies to the *Herald*. As might have been expected, the general consensus is that Signor Vallo's alleged contraction of voices exists only in his mind. One of the answers, that of Mr. Beer, discusses the topic at some length, and contains so much of interest, outside of the special question treated, that we take pleasure in reproducing it *in extenso*. Mr. Haynie says:

"M. Adolphe Beer is a Polish gentleman, who came to Paris ever so many years ago. He is a soloist in the Hebrew Temple of the rue de Provence, and his rich, powerful voice is one of the attractions of that fashionable synagogue. Mme. Beer is a French lady. She is very handsome, quite sympathetic in her nature, and is also an excellent physician. They live in a pretty hotel of their own at No. 28 rue Dupere, and I have met some lovely people at madame's Tuesday afternoons. Prof. Beer has had extraordinary success in forming voices, both male and female, for light operas. Several of his pupils are at the Opera Comique, and one soprano is now singing, with great success, at St. Petersburg. There is one American girl studying with M. Beer at the present time, with whom he is particularly pleased, and those who have heard her say she is bound to be famous. But the professor says she must study hard at least two or three years more, before he will consent to her singing in public. Well, here is what M. Beer writes me as to Sig. Vallo's dogma:

My Dear Mr. Haynie: It is very difficult to lay down a general theory. Each country and every climate have produced and are still producing voices of different tones and compass. In Russia, for example, organs are forbidden by religious usages, and these are replaced by human voices. I have myself heard there, during many years, deep bass voices that went away down below counter C as low as G and F. These notes are sent out with a fullness and power which no organ pipe can equal, and that, too, in an easy and agreeable way. These voices, without being very common, are not rare, and do not surprise Russians, although they astonish foreigners.

On the other hand, the Cossack regiments have no instrumental music, and the soldiers have no idea of music; but whatever may be the season and the temperature, the men spend all their leisure time in singing. I have heard among them tenors with homogeneous and not at all feminine voices, who gave the A and the B above the C which we admire so much at the theatre, and yet they follow no regime for the voice and they sing in the open air.

In Poland, voices of all sorts, except the contralto are different from the Russian ones. I have lived long enough in Germany and in Austria, and have had enough pupils from those countries, to have a well-founded opinion. In them, all kinds of voices are to be met with—bass are sufficiently numerous, but there are fewer baritones—but the tones are generally spoiled by the nature of the language, which is injurious to the fine development of the voice.

In France, where I have lived for 24 years, it is rarer to find good voices in the north than it is in the south. There are very few real bass voices, almost no contraltos: basses chantantes are numer-

ous, and there are but few Verdi baritones. This last mentioned voice cannot be acclimated here; the necessity of forcing the voice because of the size of the theatres leads to the use of basses chantantes in the place of baritones.

Italy, formerly the school of the whole world, no longer furnishes the singers it formerly produced. Donizetti and Verdi have been the cause of giving Italy numerous baritones who have been formed at the expense of the singing bass voices, but the country has no bassi profundi, and an examination of the national repertoire shows that it never had any.

As for America, I am, to my great regret, unable to speak concerning male voices, for I have heard very few of them; but I have had not only numerous auditions of female voices, but have several female pupils, and am able, therefore, to express a well-founded opinion. I have found these voices charming, delicious in freshness and smoothness, and of a considerable compass. They require most careful training. If the professor, as is often the case, falls into the error of paying attention only to the notes of the lower register, a precious quality which the light sopranis of your country often possess, he fancies he has formed a contralto or a mezzo-soprano, but he has only succeeded in destroying the charm of a voice which would have had a fine future, and has prevented his pupil from succeeding and the public from admiring.

You see, from these facts, that it is impossible to admit, even upon the assertions of the most clear-sighted observer who has only examined isolated individuals, even those of an entire country, that a contraction of the voice has taken place.

Thus far I have studied the question from a geographical standpoint; let us now look at it from an historical point of view by reading over the partitions of other times, and by comparing them with those of our own day. This will bring us to the same conclusion. Let us begin with the time when singers really took possession of the stage, and examine the masterpieces of the great masters.

First epoch. From Mozart to the 'William Tell' of Rossini the singer is everything, and the orchestra merely an accompaniment. The voices are of the ordinary range: bassi, tenors, sopranis, and almost no baritones. Two exceptions do not in any way lessen the correctness of these observations. They are the role of the Queen of Night in the 'Magic Flute,' written by Mozart especially for Mlle. Josepha Weber, and that of Figaro in the 'Barbier de Seville,' written for Pellegrini, then a baritone and popular buffo.

Second epoch. The orchestra now becomes the associate of the singer, notably so in 'William Tell,' and in all the works written by Meyerbeer for the French opera, in which the accompaniment is even more crushing for the singer. Nearly all the principal parts have a very wide compass, and were written for special voices. It is, however, to be noticed that these parts are still sung, and I may add, *en passant*, that I consider as natural voices those which formerly were considered phenomenal. We may have prima donnas to-day who can go up to F sharp. Donizetti began to utilize baritone voices, and Verdi has given them still greater importance.

Third epoch. Modern masters give more importance to the orchestra, and this is to the detriment of the singers. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this point.

Conclusion. From this rapid examination it results that, while in all times and in all countries bassi profundi have been rare on the stage, contralti have been still rarer, and yet, in spite of this difficulty, such parts have always been filled, that the parts have been becoming more and more difficult to sing, calling for greater power and wider compass than formerly. These parts continue to be

filled, sometimes very honorably from the point of view of the talent they call for, and generally quite sufficiently as concerns the volume and compass of the voices.

It is, therefore, impossible to conclude that any contraction has taken place in voices. If the art of singing, properly so-called, has unfortunately retrograded during the last few years, the cause does not lie with nature, who is always constant in all her works, but, in the first place, in the way modern masters compose; and, secondly, because of the lack of true singing professors, who are but poorly replaced by good musicians, talented accompanists, who have no idea of the right way the voice should be given forth, of the proper way of posing it, or of diction, all of which are indispensable for the formation of a good artist. Some teachers, more learned, but carried away by a false theory concerning the registers of the voice, sometimes fall into the dangerous error of making their pupils work in a way contrary to the real nature of their voices, and this prevents them from obtaining good results.

Receive, sir, the assurances of my most distinguished sentiments.
A. BEER."

ORIGIN OF HYMNS.

HE old hymns and hymn tunes, generally, were composed for special occasions or brought out by some incident in the writer's life or events of his time. Most of the good and lasting ones have thus been brought out. Would that some of the book-makers of the present day could take cognizance of this fact, for it is a cogent truth against the wholesale manufacturing of tunes, tune books, and in fact musical publications of every description, as the market is at the present day being flooded. The thing is going so far that persons are engaged to sit down and make a book; grind out one to order. The fact is that many of the platitudes printed between two covers and freely advertised by the publishers, and also by the authors themselves, do not deserve the name of hymns and musical settings. Of the really fine hymns the number is comparatively small and most of them bear the stamp of the writer's experience or are an expression of his individual longing, aspiration or praise. "Nearer my God to Thee," in its varied pictures of sorrow, could only have been the outcome of a real experience. How this may be we have no means of knowing, but think it must be so. Heber wrote his missionary hymn one Saturday night under the influence of feelings stirred by missionary zeal. It was sung the next morning to a popular sailor air known as, "'Twas when the sea was roaring." Watts complained to his father that the psalmody of the church was not good. "Make it better, my son," was all the consolation he got; and by the next morning he had written one of his best hymns, and this was followed by others. He did make the psalmody of his day better. Kirke White wrote, "When marshalled on the mighty plain," when rowing an open boat on a small inlet one dark night. Wesley wrote in the neighborhood of 7,000 hymns, and all the best ones were called out by some great public event or by some experience in his own life. Many more cases might be cited to illustrate this matter, but these are enough to show that hymns, songs, and tunes "written especially for this work," are generally a vanity and a delusion. Flint and steel must meet to bring fire, and the rubbing of paper currency over leaden plates gives little else than noise and emptiness.

Kunkel's Musical Review

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I. D. FOULON, A.M., LL.B., - - - EDITOR.

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THE STEINWAYS AND KUNKEL BROS.

NUNDER the title of "The Moxter Suicide," the *American Musician*, of Sept. 22, reproduces our brief editorial on the suicide of Jacob Moxter, and in juxtaposition therewith our abridgement of Mr. Lindemuth's communication on the subject, and then says:

"Surely it would seem that the second paragraph contradicted the first."

"The Kunkels were formerly Steinway agents and have always bitterly resented the withdrawal of the agency from them. This fact will go far to explain their animus in this matter."

If there were any contradiction in the two paragraphs quoted, there would be no inconsistency in publishing both as we did; the one is an expression of editorial opinion, the other the statement of the views of a correspondent. It happens, however, that there is not the shadow of a contradiction between the two. Mr. Lindemuth stated, in substance, that Mr. Moxter's brain had been affected for some time, and that "the publicity given to his business difficulties completed the wreck of his reason and led to his self-destruction." That publicity was purely the result of the Steinways' action in browbeating Moxter into surrendering his business to them, although they had the evidence of his solvency. We stated, editorially, that the Steinways had taken advantage of Moxter's weak mind to overstock him with their pianos and then pressed him for payment as soon as his notes became due—driving him mad. We will add, for the information of the *American Musician*, that the order for the pianos that formed the basis of the indebtedness to the Steinways, which led to the capture of Moxter's business, was countermanded by telegraph as soon as Moxter returned to St. Louis; that the Steinways replied, by telegraph also, that the pianos had already been shipped, but that the bill of lading showed that, as a matter of fact, *they were not shipped until some days later*.

The next point to be noticed is, that Mr. Kunkel is not the editor of this journal, nor in any way morally responsible for its editorial opinions. Mr. Quigg, one of the editors of the *Musician*, is personally acquainted with the editor of the *Review*, and knows that Mr. Kunkel rarely sees an editorial until after the *Review* is out. In this particular instance, he knew nothing of the editorial paragraph commented upon. Mr. Lindemuth left his manuscript at the office of Kunkel Bros. Mr. Kunkel handed it to the editor, who glanced at it then and put it into his pocket, merely remarking that it needed "boiling down." So far as we know, Mr.

Kunkel had not read Mr. Lindemuth's communication. Whatever Mr. Kunkel's personal feelings in the matter, therefore, they were unknown and unexpressed to the writer, who, personally, has never had anything to do with the Steinways.

That the Steinway agency had ever been taken from the Kunkels, was news to us. We therefore asked Mr. Kunkel for the facts, and he gave them to us, substantially, as follows:

"Before we" [the deceased brother and himself] "took the St. Louis agency of the Steinway piano, the agency had been held by Balmer & Weber. Mr. Petri, of Steinway & Sons, showed me by their books that the total sales of Steinway pianos through their St. Louis agency, for the two years preceding, had amounted to just twenty-six instruments. We made a market here for the Steinway pianos, which, by the way, have not a more sincere admirer than myself, but never found the Steinways in anywise disposed to be accommodating. Some years later, we concluded to go out of the piano business and give exclusive attention to our publishing interests. We finally struck a bargain with E. A. Benson, then of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Benson was anxious to secure the Steinway agency, which we still held, and we believed we could secure its transfer to him, and so informed him. I went to New York to effect the transfer, but the Steinways refused to transfer the agency, and very strenuously urged me to continue as their agent. We then notified Mr. Benson that we had been unable to secure the transfer of the agency to him and offered to release him from his bargain. Mr. Benson, however, said he would take our business at the price agreed upon, and endeavor to arrange with the Steinways himself. We thereupon transferred our business to him and stepped out of the Steinway agency against the express wishes of the Steinways themselves. That is how the Steinway agency was 'withdrawn' from us. As to the profitability of the Steinway agency, it almost broke up Benson, who held it for awhile. Then Conover Bros. came here and held it for two years. It was so profitable that they dropped it just in time to save themselves. Then came Moxter, poor fellow! Who next?"

We echo Mr. Kunkel's question—who next? In the meantime, the Steinways are running the shop themselves. Would the editors of the *American Musician* like to pay the running expenses and take the profits of the St. Louis house? If so, in spite of the fact that, as they say, they are "not afflicted with any great love for the Steinways," we have no doubt that they can secure that privilege. They will then know whether or not we have exaggerated the local feeling against the "innocent" causes of Moxter's death.

P. S. GILMORE.

ME are not going to write a biographical sketch of the famous bandmaster. That task, well or ill, we accomplished a year ago or more. But we feel in a preaching mood to-night, and we intend to preach a brief lay sermon on musical shams, with P. S. Gilmore as our text—pre-text would perhaps be a more accurate expression. Let us hasten to say that we do not, by any means, class Mr. Gilmore among the musical shams. It is his critics who, for the most part, belong in that category.

It is the fashion in certain musical circles to sneer at Mr. Gilmore and the achievements of his famous band. Every once in awhile, one of the musical wiseacres who compose these narrow coteries breaks out in print and we read that "Gilmore is sensational," *sensationalism* being held up to the gaze of the public as a great crime against the dignity of art.

It seems to us we have heard that charge before. Victor Hugo, that beneficent giant of modern literature, was branded as a sensationalist by the "old fogies" whose works are even now forgotten; the wonderful popular success of Doré's large paintings caused him to be called a sensationalist by scores of less successful painters; and Spurgeon and Talmage are called "sensational" preachers, as were before them Beecher and Whitfield, by those ponderously learned gentlemen of the cloth who often than not preach to empty pews. Now-a-days, the last word of impotent envy seems to be "sensationalism!"

There is sensationalism and sensationalism, the evil and the good. All art is in one sense sensational, for that art which addresses itself solely to the intellect may be science, but is not true art. Now, in what sense can it be truly said that Gilmore is sensational? Does he, like Julien of old, or like others who have since blossomed into bandmasters, play monkey for the audience with the mingled air of high tragedy and low comedy? On the contrary, he is at all times the leader, never the mountebank.—"But his monster festivals—with their cannon, unwieldy choruses, etc., were they not sensational?" Most assuredly, and it was right they should be. When the long-absent prodigal son comes back penitent and chastened to his father's home, will you sneer at the exuberant joy of the family, the killing of the fatted calf, the preparations for the feast, because they are sensational? There are times when to be sensational is to be natural, and naturalness is one of the elements of genuine art. But, after all, music has at times a mission beyond music; it is sometimes a means rather than an end, and in any case it is by its fruits that you know the tree. Now, what have been the fruits, the practical results of Gilmore's sensational enterprises? Take the great Peace Jubilee. Is there a musician who will deny that it gave a powerful impulse to the sense of real reconciliation between inimical sections, and is there a non-musician who will not concede that it attracted his attention to the power of music and raised it in his estimation? Take, if you please, his monster concert in New Orleans, while yet the wounds made by the sword were gaping and bleeding, and think of Gilmore's marshaling sixteen thousand little "rebels" from the schools and teaching them afresh that best of American national hymns, "The Star-Spangled Banner!" Sensational! Yes, and thank God for such sensations; for, from the day when those sixteen thousand throats sang out that song of loyalty, more than twice sixteen thousand hearts learned again to beat in unison with the throbs of the National life. And was there not here also a musical advance as well?

There are those who consider Gilmore's ordinary programmes are too popular. This is their great merit. There is an almost impassable gulf between the Wagner worshiper or the strict classicist and the mass of the people. Who shall bridge this chasm? Who shall make a way from the simple music of the people to the grand tone-poems of Beethoven? Not the extremists, surely, but men of broad sympathies; men who can see the beauty of the violet at the foot of the mountain as well as the grandeur of the mountain's storm-crowned head. Such a man is Gilmore. If he plucks a tiny blossom here and there, he does it on his way to higher regions; if he picks up a pretty shell now and then, he knows that those for whom he gathers them cannot but get a glimpse of the majestic ocean on whose shore they stand. We have looked critically over his programmes, and we have been struck most forcibly by their educational character; with the wisdom with which the lighter and heavier compositions have been intermingled. We say nothing of the execution of his programmes, for even his opponents have nothing to say against

that. With the relatively limited resources of a military band in the way of tone-color, who, without having heard it, would believe it possible to approach the perfection of rendering attained by his band in overtures, symphonies, etc.?

Mr. Gilmore is for every one a great bandmaster; for us he is something besides, something more—he is a great popular educator. No wonder delighted thousands daily throng the Exposition Music Hall—when they are at once entertained and instructed. May this musical missionary be spared to us yet many years, and reap everywhere the appreciation which he deserves. It is time musical pharisees ceased to prate of "sensationalism" and "sham" when speaking of Gilmore's work, and should be made to realize that the worst shams are their own pretenses of extra excellence, their claims of a superiority, without other basis than their ability to sneer.

ÆSTHETIC IS NOT ETHICAL CULTURE.

N the last issue of the *Etude*, we find an article entitled: "How to Acquire a Sympathetic Touch" in which the writer takes the position that such a touch can only be acquired by "cultivating the heart." As a means to the end of "heart" culture the writer in question says:

"The following studies are recommended:—

1. The study of nature. Every year some 'familiar science' should be carefully reviewed, and observations should be made constantly. The student should endeavor to classify the results of his observations. The study of botany, geology and astronomy will greatly enlarge the sensibilities.

2. The study of poetry and the other arts. Every week should witness some advance in the thorough knowledge of literature. Shakespeare and Milton alone will suffice for years of close study.

3. The humanities.

Generosity goes hand in hand with keen sensibility. With what unselfish profusion did Mozart, Beethoven and Liszt bestow their hard-earned money wherever they thought it was needed. The artist must cultivate love for his fellow-man. Nothing so surely blunts the sensibilities as the practice of selfishness and thoughtless disregard of others. It makes the soul dark and obtuse and arrests the growth of all delicate feeling.

These are some of the helpful studies which the artist cannot afford to neglect."

We have often urged broader education for musicians and we are far from advising students of music to study only music; but there are some things which learning will do and some others it will not do, and he is not a true friend of learning who claims for it more than it contains or can give.

When the musician leaves the class-room or the concert hall to mingle with his fellow-man, he ceases to be a musician for the time being, and his mental calibre is necessarily measured by his knowledge and mental grasp of matters non-musical. It is there that most musicians fail miserably, because of the narrow limits of their culture, and here the necessity for knowledge of something beyond music becomes quite apparent. To say, however, that "the study of botany, geology and astronomy will greatly enlarge the sensibilities" shows a great ignorance of the character of those sciences or of the constitution of the human mind, or both. These are purely intellectual studies—studies that will enrich the memory and cultivate the reason, but these faculties of the mind have but a very indirect influence upon the sensibilities. There would be quite as much sense in advising a boxer that the way to cultivate his biceps was to play foot-ball as there is to advise the cultivation

of the intellect as a means of developing the sensibilities. The way to cultivate the sensibilities is to cultivate the sensibilities.

Nor is it true, even, that the development of the sensibilities as a whole has any necessary connection with artistic execution, for there are many compositions which are beautiful musically without addressing themselves definitely to our love or hatred, our joy or our sorrow, as is abundantly proven by the fact that, according to the varying moods of the listeners, the same performance of the same composition will awaken in them various feelings; that, in other words, music is often a mere stimulant to the dominant emotions rather than an awakener of particular ones. The reason of this is obvious: it is to the æsthetic faculty that music addresses itself, or, to be more exact, to the musical faculty, which must be considered as a part or branch of the former that may be highly developed while the others, (such as the sense of beauty in painting, sculpture architecture, etc.) may remain quite rudimentary, as we all know. *A priori*, we should reason that, if a part of the æsthetic faculty can be developed without any apparent effect upon another part thereof, the development of another faculty or set of faculties would have still less effect, and the facts prove the correctness of such a conclusion. If we grant the liberality of a Liszt, are we not confronted forthwith with the selfishness of his friend Wagner? And, to pass to executants, what about Paganini? What about Adelina Patti? The list might be lengthened indefinitely. But why look to history or to those who have attained great eminence? Look about you and see whether you can discover that musicians as a class are more philanthropic than others or that philanthropists are more musical than many a sordid curmudgeon? The result will be, beyond a doubt, that you will conclude that you see no results showing a connection between aesthetics and ethics.

There is something a little bit ludicrous in the third recommendation to study "the humanities," in this, that the writer evidently does not know the meaning of the term (which is synonymous with *belles-lettres* or the elements of a liberal education outside of mathematics and natural science) since he uses it as a synonym of philanthropy. We apprehend, further, that it is the practice of philanthropy rather than the study of it which he intends to recommend—excellent advice in itself, but not likely to very much affect the artistic standing of the practicer, however much it may better his moral plane.

There is, it is true, a grain of truth in this bushel of chaff; it is contained in the suggestion that the study of poetry and the other arts, which address themselves directly to the sense of beauty, may be helpful in developing the musician's musical ability, for, although, as we have already stated, there is no direct, necessary connection between one art and another, yet each art is as a separate language through which the art feeling or impulse finds expression, and the expression in one art, or language, is sometimes susceptible of translation into another art. This, however, refers rather to the composer, the creator, than the executant.

The fact remains, however, that the way to learn music is to study music and that a broad literary and art culture is useful to the musician as a gentleman (if he aspires to be one) but of relatively little use to him as a musician. Let us be honest with learners and not lead them to think that the contemplation of a fine picture, for instance, is going to change a harsh, staccato touch to a velvety legato. Hard study of music as music is the way to excel in music and there is absolutely no other way worth mentioning, in spite of the rhapsodical talk of writers who do not know the difference between humanity and "the humanities."

THE WAGNERIAN ORCHESTRA.

AGNER in realizing his later conceptions was not content with augmenting the number of orchestral instruments. Neither did the introduction of others, the use of which had been hitherto restricted to military bands of large dimensions suffice. He, therefore, invented new instruments which were constructed under his own immediate superintendence. The first instance of the employment of one of these occurred in the "Tristan and Isolde." This is a trumpet of wood furnished with but one valve. In shape it resembles the Oboe, but somewhat longer, and is played on by means of an ordinary trumpet mouthpiece. Its natural pitch is C.

It will be remembered that at the commencement of Act III of this opera, a Cor Anglais is employed to characterize the melancholy which pervades the scene. This mournfulness gives place to a more joyous mood in the second portion of the same act, and here Wagner uses with pertinent effect his new wooden trumpet.

He also uses a base trumpet of brass in "Nibelungen" which likewise pitched in C, its compass comprising one octave. It was first constructed as an E-flat instrument, but the lower notes proved to be unsatisfactory. Its form is that of an ordinary trumpet, but of much larger size. Its tone is of a veiled, melancholy quality, utterly unlike that of a trumpet proper.

In the trilogy he also makes extensive use and often with thrilling effect, of tenor tubas, which complete the tone volume of the Horns in their lower notes. They resemble these instruments in form, but the valves are manipulated by the left instead of the right hand, and the "mouths" are turned downwards by the player. Two of the four he employs in his score are in B-flat and two in F. The "bells" are unusually large, which secures a more powerful tone, that is at the same time more mellow and noble. The mouthpiece is so constructed that the French Horn players can alternate the use of these tubas with that of their own instruments when necessary. As a rule Wagner writes for them in four part harmony and with magnificent effect.

He also avails himself of a special bass tuba in F in the course of this series of works. This is of enormous dimensions, and productive of tones of unusual depth and marvellous sonority. Whatever differences of opinion may prevail as to Wagner's theories, it cannot be denied that in his command of orchestral effect he stands unrivaled. Fortunately during the latter portion of his life unlike Berlioz, he could indulge in expensive innovations to any extent in order to realize his desires, with the certainty that the means would be forthcoming for the purpose. On the other hand, this circumstance render the adequate performance of his works an impossibility save in a few rare instances.—*Herald*.

AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.



LOUISE NATALI, the leading prima donna of the New American Opera Company, is winning golden opinions for artistic work in the City of Brotherly Love. She is an American girl, and was born in Bloomington, Ill. A great portion of her musical education was gained in St. Louis, after which she came to this city

and studied under the late Dr. Damrosch, who used to call her a little musical wonder. For two years she studied under Marchesi in Paris and was her favorite pupil. She had sung the following leading roles at the Grand Opera-House, Philadelphia, under the management of Gustav Hinrichs, "Martha," "Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "Chimes of Normandy," "Trovatore," "Lucia," "Traviata," "Sonnambula" and "Daughter of the Regiment." The Philadelphia Press have been unanimous in her praise. Recently she was given a testimonial benefit, and received many costly presents. Mme. Natali has had several offers from abroad to sing in Italian opera, but her engagement with the American Opera Company for two years compelled her to decline the flattering offers. The probabilities are, however, that she will sing in Milan and St. Petersburg during the season of 1890-91. She is of petite figure but plump, in the full possession of health and strength, and has a charm of face and manner which endears her to all with whom she comes in contact. In private life Mme. Natali is the wife of M. Louis Nathal, the well-known playwright.—*N. Y. World*.

CULTIVATION OF THE EAR.

THE ear is a structure for introducing undulations or air-moves to the nerves of hearing and their conveyance to the brain. The external cartilage collects the undulations into the conopa, at the bottom of which is the tympanum, like the membrane of a drum. Beneath this is a cavity, with the mallet, anvil and the stirrup, and the Eustachian tube. Farther on is the oval window (connecting with the stirrup), and the round window, both windows closed with a membrane. Inside of these is the labyrinth, filled with a watery fluid, in which the nerves are situated.

Hearing presupposes vibration or motion, and motion produces excitability or sensation in the interior ear, producing sound. Mallet, anvil and stirrup carry the vibrations made by the tympanum to the 3,000 fibres or arches in the labyrinth connecting them with the nerves. These fibres were discovered by Marquis Corti co-vibrating with any outside undulations sending them through the nerves into the brain, the seat of musical perception.

These 3,000 fibres of Corti give to every octave of music 400 strings, each one co-vibrating with any vibration number produced by periodical vibrations. The proof of this is the fact that we can perceive any single tone of a chord, and even the different instruments playing in unison or otherwise. If then a tone and its quality, out of a number of other tones, can be perceived by the ear, there must be an organ in the inner ear to receive each separate air-wave or vibration.

The anatomical researches of Hensen and Hasse assert that the different lengths of the membrana basilaris of the cochlea form the whole compass of the musical scale. This membrane is small at its beginning near the oval window, and becomes larger toward the head of the cochlea.

It is at the beginning 0.041 millimetre.

At the end of the first round of the cochlea, 0.082 millimetre.

End of the second circle, 0.450 millimetre.

At the humulus (end of the cochlea), 0.495 millimetre. Increase of the membrana basilaris more than twelve times.

The ear is capable of hearing sounds far below or above the musical compass.

As the ears are all physically constructed as mentioned, and act physiologically alike, we conclude that every human being with normal ears possesses a musical instrument with 400 strings to the octave, putting to shame our 12 tone system, and even Bosanque and White with their 53 tone system, and other theoretical systems with 19, 31, 72, 74 tones to the octave. The compass of our musical instruments seems very microscopic in comparison with the one the Almighty has created.

As an early development is so necessary in music, and its knowledge is so useful, the schools should be obliged to cultivate the instruments the children carry with them, viz., the human voice.

If talent is "equivalent to application," then all we have to do to be talented is to apply ourselves.

The term "musical ear," figuratively used by musicians, implies a sensitive, clear and true perception of sounds, by which we are pleased by consonance, or offended by dissonance. Such an ear is capable to distinguish the true intonation from the false, and sensible of rhythm, quality, etc.

The formation of a musical ear depends upon early impressions, and training either accidental or regular. All other senses require training, some of which being trained by natural facilities much more than the ear.

The eye, for instance, begins to develop seeing the moment the child perceives things, their forms, their size, etc. And yet these same eyes must be trained, more particularly in reference to form, line, light, shade, in order to see artistically.

The ear, on the contrary, has not that natural chance of being educated as the eye. The child who does not hear music in early life has no perception of pitch or intonation, and cannot sing a correct tone, having no example nor inducement of using the voice. Children whose parents sing or play get a perception of musical intervals by hearing them often, and will have an "ear for music." Perhaps both classes of children had originally talent for music; that of the first class was left dormant, that of the second grew by exercising. The former talent may remain dormant a lifetime, and of course could have no more perception of music than a stone. The other class luckily may become an honor to music. These circumstances may happen in thousands of cases merely by different surroundings in youth.

We believe, of course, in different degrees of talent. A great talent will manifest itself under most

difficult circumstances, and genius will break through any hindrances whatsoever, even going from Bonn to Wien, as Beethoven did, to get instruction from Mozart and Haydn.

Many writers agree that even an uneducated ear could enjoy simple music, composed of simple intervals, like people's music. These intervals are: Octave, fifth and major thirds, consisting of simple vibration-ratios. All senses can comprehend simple things; consequently the sense of hearing can do this also. The octave has the vibration-ratio as 1 to 2 (1 : 2), that is, if the lowest tone makes 100 vibrations in a second, the upper makes 200; the fifth is as 2 : 3 (200 to 300 vibr.); the major third as 4 : 5 (400 to 500 vibr.); other ratios like 5 : 6, the minor third, 4 : 7, the chord of the dominant seventh, are much harder to perceive, and require much higher culture. The engineer's eye can measure distances pretty correctly, having had a chance to exercise his eye by feet, chains and rods. The musician's ear must do a similar thing by learning to measure, to begin with, the simplest intervals mentioned above.

The vibration-ratios are, perhaps, not so clear to the mind as the following logarithms, giving the true size of intervals within an octave. By changing Log. 2 (0.301030), generally called the octave, into 1,000, and also the third and fifth Log. in like manner, we get for the interval of a fifth 0.585; for the third 0.321, and for the whole scale the following logarithms:

c	d	e	f
0.000	0.170	0.321	0.415
g	a	b	c
0.585	0.737	0.906	1.000

As musical scales are made by the three simplest intervals, and the relationship between tones and chords is established by them, all we have to do, to lay a foundation for cultivating the ear, is to practice the voice by singing octaves, fifths and major thirds from any given tone, upward and downward. If any one can sing these, and distinguish them when music is performed, he is well grounded in his musical ear.

Besides this relationship, we must introduce another, viz., that by proximity, applying your whole tones and half tones. The same practice as with the simple intervals is recommended. The more distant related intervals, minor thirds, sixths, sevenths, etc., will come in good time by constantly hearing of old and new music.—GEO. DOELKER.

WORKERS' SONGS.

HERE is scarcely an occupation, certainly none that demands unity of purpose and regularity of attack, that has not, or has not had, its own peculiar kind of song or accompanying chant. The anvil, the loom, the dairy, the field, the wharf, the plantation, ay, and even the collier's dreary world, are each in themselves an incentive to some sort of music, and their laborers in all parts make for themselves, if not a pleasing recreation, at any rate a soothing monotony by crooning, or humming, or chanting, some rhythmical measure. Athenaeus has preserved the Greek names of different songs as sung by various trades, but unfortunately none of the songs themselves. There was one for the corn-grinders, another for wood-workers, another for weavers; the reapers had their carol, the herdsman a song composed by a Sicilian ox-driver; the kneaders, the bathers, and the galley-rowers were not without their chant. It is still the custom in Egypt and in Greece to carry on an immense labor by an accompaniment of music and singing; hence the story of Amphion building Thebes with his lyre. In Africa, to this day, the laborers on the plantations at Yaorrie work to the sound of a drum. Almost all these old Grecian trade-songs have their counterpart at the present time, in some land, if not universally. The corn-grinders' song is imitated on the Russian wharves, where the women sing in chorus as they crush the grain for exportation; the weavers in Ayrshire, where are still to be found the almost absolute hand-looms, croon some weird Highland tune as they sit at their work; the reapers in Russia have their wheat chorus and rye chorus, and the hay-makers in many countries have special songs of their own. The beautiful *chansons de vendange*, or vineyard songs, of the champagne district, are world-renowned for their harmonious gayety; these, like the wheat-gatherers' chorus in Russia, are sung in procession; the men and women, each with a basket on their arm, assemble at the foot of a hill, and, stopping there, arrange themselves in a circle; one of them then bursts into a joyous song, the burthen of it is chorused; then they ascend

and disperse in the vineyard, and work and sing. Now and again new couplets will resound from some of the dressers. The herdsman's songs live to-day in the cantons of Switzerland and on the wide Mexican plains. Texas provides hog-feeders with a ditty that, if not poetic, is certainly realistic in tone. The kneaders must have suggested the *chant du boulanger* of the bread-eating France of to-day, and the galley-rowers have numberless imitators in the Venetian gondoliers, the Nile boatmen, and the Chinese trackers, whose songs have become so much a part of themselves that one never thinks of dissociating them. Dr. Johnson noted in the Highlands that the strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulation of the harvest song, in which all the laborers' voices were united. They accompany every action which can be done in equal time with an appropriate strain, which has not much meaning, but its effects are regularity and cheerfulness. Like the Greek herdsmen and shepherds of old, the Scotch have their sheep-farmers' songs and their herders' choruses, and even the potato-workers in Ayrshire their own style of singing while they pursue their occupation. Any evening in August you may see a picturesque-looking group of women wending their homeward way and singing as they go along: the bright red kerchief they adopt as headgear, and their striped petticoats and bare feet, are quite a feature in the most pastoral of all Scotland's counties. From the cradle to the grave, song is the constant companion of the Russian's life. It is the delight of both sexes, and of every age. The sports of childhood, the pleasures of youth, and all the varied occupations of mature years, have each their own appropriate accompaniment of song. The "Khorovod" is the choral dance with which Russian boys and girls greet the approach of spring. The "Zapachki," or wailing songs, bring relief to the grief-stricken. The "Bylinas," long metrical romances sung or recited by village minstrels, supply the epic element by recording famous historic exploits; and even that most prosaic of employments—loading with grain the ships lying in the wharf—adds some beautiful melodies to the *repertoire* of Russian national song, the women who carry on the work singing in chorus the while. The vaudevilles that are so prominent a feature in the *repertoire* of French recreation songs to-day, originated as songs of labor. There was once a fuller of Vau de Vire, or the valley by the river Vire, who used to make his men sing as they spread their cloths on the bank of the river. Usually, the theme would be some incident or adventure of the day, set to a rhythmical measure; and thus from the labor of the apprentices of a fuller on the banks of the Vire we get the gay, rollicking songs that resound from every music hall and cafe in Paris. Mill songs are especially common in Normandy, and have a character of their own. Their "couplets" are wont to consist of two lines with a refrain, and the refrain is the principal part of the song. Auvergne is famous for its *bourrées*, and Burgundy is rich in *Noëls* and drinking-songs. The Italians have no special labor-songs; they seem to enliven their working hours with snatches of national music, and in Tuscany you may hear the straw-plaiters singing, as they ply their busy fingers, some of the lovely *stornelli* or *rispetti* of the country. The *stornello*, known as "Flower of the Pea," is a particular favorite with these straw-workers. What of music's past vocation as a work-inspirer? Is there not ample proof of it in the many songs of many tongues that stand out as beacons of light along the dull road of labor? What of the sailors' chanties, the fresh, breezy, rolling choruses that helped to lighten Jack's manifold labors, and that the present, with its ever-increasing power of steam, has made things of the past? What of the weavers' songs, that formed so much part of the daily life at the loom that they seemed almost woven into the fabric? The factory girls and the "mill hands" of to-day sing to the whirling accompaniment of the latest machinery, not as sang those refugee hand-weavers of old whose own limbs were the wheels they had to set in motion, and whose own brains blended the harmonious colors together and traced the wonderful and intricate designs. Here was truly need for a work-inspirer, and here was it found in song. A better plea for workers' songs could scarcely be found than the words of the Chelsea philosopher, who says: "Give me the man who sings at his work; be his occupation what it may, he is superior to those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time, he will do it better, he will preserve longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue while one marches to music. The very stars are said to have harmony as they revolve in their spheres."—The Nineteenth Century.

SPARE THE CHILDREN'S VOICES.

EW parents or guardians of young children realize the danger of allowing them to sing in public, especially under the care of irresponsible or ignorant instructors. To say nothing of the mental and moral injury such exhibitions are apt to produce in fostering vanity and love of display, nor of the physical evils attendant upon the consequent excitement, late hours, etc., the effects on the voice itself and on the child's possible future as a singer are sufficiently deplorable to justify a note of warning from the voice-trainer's point of view. If children were taught by those who understand the voice, and who could check or remedy the faults most apt to be committed, these ill effects could be reduced to a minimum or entirely prevented; but, unfortunately, those who train children at such times generally promote, or even occasion faults which ruin the voice and not infrequently lay the foundation of future ill health.

A case in point is that of a young girl who as a child was noted for her remarkably beautiful voice and was much sought after for exhibition purposes. From the power and range of her voice as a child, a glowing future was predicted for her, and doubtless she would have realized the hopes of her friends had they been judicious enough to refuse her assistance on these occasions. Unfortunately, she was allowed to strain her voice by singing in halls large enough to test the power of experienced artists, with the result of its entire loss at the age of sixteen.

Some time ago, a child of eight or ten was brought to a teacher in this city for the purpose of having her voice tried and of considering the question of instruction. The lady learned that she had been allowed to sing in juvenile entertainments and refused to accept her as a pupil unless she should be withdrawn from all such public occasions, as the voice already showed that great injury had been done by the child attempting to fill large spaces with her tiny, bird-like voice. Her friends hesitated about what seemed to them so radical a step, and finally concluded not to engage the lessons. Not long since she took part in a public entertainment, singing several songs with an accompanying pantomime, but to an intelligent listener the voice was in a distressing condition. The tones were harsh and distorted from all semblance of beauty, and toward the end became so boarse that the child was hardly able to finish the song. The effort she made was positively painful, yet a murmur of "how sweet," "how lovely," was heard from the audience. Such sounds given by an adult would not have been tolerated, but the eye has such influence over the ear, that the appearance of a child, picturesquely garbed, graceful and self-possessed, is enough to dominate all unpleasant impressions of sound in the minds of an average audience.

Here is where the evil should be attacked. Let the public understand what an injury is wrought to the child by these few moments of wonder at its immature gifts, and a check may yet be placed upon this slaughter of the innocents. It is as much of an impossibility for a child to produce full and sonorous tones as it would be load it down with heavy weights and expect it to walk with ease. Many who would regard the latter as an act of cruelty will listen with complacency to a child straining every nerve to fill a large room with a voice that from its nature is not intended for such use.

This should not be understood as condemning all training of the child-voice: far from it. As said at first, it is only a protest against its abuse by ignorant and irresponsible teachers in forcing it to a work for which it is entirely unfitted. It is well known that Jenny Lind did not escape the penalty of a too early use of her voice in public, as she lost it when yet a child. She was more fortunate than most juvenile prodigies in regaining it after several years which she devoted to the earnest study of theory and the piano. These years of study doubtless did much to form her the artist she afterward became, but only her iron constitution and indomitable will enabled her to reach the height she attained in the face of another breakdown in early womanhood. In the opinion of some who are qualified to judge, she never did repair entirely the early strain upon her voice, and they attribute her premature retirement from the stage to a conviction that it could not withstand the wear and tear of operatic work. Even the voice of her successor in the public favor, Adelina Patti, when taken in charge by Max Strakosch to be trained for the operatic stage, was said to have been impaired by too much singing in public when a child, and only his infinite tact and care, aided by an entire with-

drawal from the stage, enabled her to enter upon and pursue the career now so well known to all.

The normal child-voice is light and high, devoid of the deeper coloring and feeling of the adult voice; yet, notwithstanding this lack, possessing a peculiarly touching charm of its own in its soft, clear tones, unclouded by a knowledge of the pain and trouble of the life just at hand. As a general thing, their teachers do not appreciate this charm, but do their best to destroy it in their mad quest for power. How often do we hear them say: "Children, sing out! You are not singing at all! Louder! louder!" etc., with the result of a fresh series of hoarse and distorted tones from the already over-forced throats. I remember under such circumstances hearing an infant class sing "We are Jesus' little lambs" in tones that reminded one of nothing so much as of little ravening wolves. Yet no one seemed to notice the contradiction between tone and word.

Even in choirs composed of boys, trained as they are by musicians, how often is the ear offended by the strident voices of the sopranos and the blatant chest-tones of the altos! Experience shows that this is by no means necessary. One of the most successful trainers of boy-choirs in the country told me that he had no difficulty in securing the highest and most musical tones from his boys, because he never allowed them to scream. As they were naturally light in quality, he was obliged to have a larger number than most choir-masters required, but his practice was certainly borne out by the effect produced, which was, in contrast to the majority of boy-choirs, a thoroughly musical one.

The instruction of children as regards the voice, should be almost entirely negative; that is, they do not require teaching what to do so much as what not to do. They may be trusted to form their tones as they please, if they do not sing too loudly nor with any undue effort. If these conditions cannot be secured, they should not be allowed to sing at all. Nothing is more painful than to hear a child struggle to fill a large room with a voice crippled from an attempt to wrest from nature what is not there. In no way can we find compensation for such an exhibition. The mind receives no pleasure, as there can be no intellectual grasp of the subject, while the ear is tortured by shrill and distorted sounds, which awaken a natural anxiety for the child's future welfare. A healthy child possessed of a good ear is the most natural singer in the world, because the most unconscious. It is only when tampered with by those who should know better that disastrous results are to be feared.—F. S. LAW, in *The Voice*.

NATIONAL MUSIC.

HE widely accepted notion, that so-called national melodies have distinctly characteristic features sufficient to establish their identity, is one of those fallacies that owe their origin to exaggerated patriotism and a romantic imagination. Music becomes national merely by familiarity and early associations. Tunes heard by us in our infancy always haunts the mind in connection with our home life, but the tunes themselves if submitted to analysis, reveal a similarity of melodic construction that at once negatives the idea of distinctly national characteristics. Even when constructed on an imperfect scale the result is but little different. Various Eastern nations as well as the Scotch and Irish have built their national melodies mainly on the pentatonic scale, and a certain weird plaintiveness results, but not sufficiently marked to separate them from the tunes of other countries. The air "Rule Britannia," the composition of Dr. Arne, is recognized as peculiarly English, yet its opening phrase, (both melody and harmony) was used by Weber for the initial bars of the "Huntman's Chorus" in "Der Freischütz," is considered essentially German.

Music is an universal art, and melodies are the offspring of the mind of the composer and the recorded utterance of human feeling which is individual, not national. It is true that among certain races phases of human passion are more strongly developed than in the case of more phlegmatic nations, and thought currents correspondingly influenced; but these characteristics are only manifested in interpretation and do not reveal themselves in the melodies themselves. The only real points of distinction are in the direction of harmony and rhythm, and singularly enough it is in dance forms that the characteristics of a nation are reflected, at all events to a limited extent. The fiery and romantic intensity of the Spaniards,

the semi-barbaric excitability of the Hungarians, the sensuous grace of the Andalusians and the frivolity of the French are all apparent in their Terpsichorean music. In this connection it must be remembered by those who are wont to regard this species of composition as beneath serious consideration, that Chopin and many others have presented some of their most poetic and beautiful thoughts in this guise, and have not scrupled to avail themselves of forms peculiar to various races irrespective of nationality. There is an inspiring effect produced by the quaint and strongly emphasized accents of the Hungarian Mazurka and Spanish Polacca, that one fails to meet with in the more formal and methodic dances of other countries. On the other hand, the Irish Jig and the Scotch Reels and Strathspeys have a peculiar character of their own that in its way is distinctive, although it lacks the weird and poetic flavor of the productions of the nations of continental Europe.

It is in hours of relaxation and recreation that the real nature of a people is manifested, and it is therefore quite in accordance with facts that the method of dancing, which has originated the form of dance music employed, should impart a more or less national character to the music itself. Nevertheless, unless this music be played in the style conceived by the composer, there is nothing beyond the peculiarity of accent to distinguish it. Although music in the abstract has no nationality, the force of association which endears certain tunes called into being by fellow-countrymen and which owe their influence in the first place to the words with which they are wedded, is an element of good that is of the utmost value. The sea songs of Charles Dibdin still exercise as great a moral influence on British sailors as any sermon every preached, but the music is dependent for its effect on the simple and manly sentiment of the words. On the other hand the melodies of the "Marseillaise," the Rackozski March and the "The Watch on the Rhine," among others, have now become so thoroughly impressed on the hearts of the French, Hungarians and Germans, as to arouse an enthusiasm among them beyond description, even without the incentive of the patriotic words with which they are associated. Nevertheless there is nothing of a national type to be discovered in either of these melodies.

The atmosphere of music is pure as the air, it is treated by all alike, its nature is unchangeable, and it cannot be appropriated by any nation under heaven as the medium of its own special utterance.

—*Musical Herald*.

THE BEETHOVEN CONSERVATORY.

F this well-known institution one might well say, paraphrasing Tennyson's "Brook":

"Schools may come and schools may go,
But it goes on forever."

More than the usual number of students availed themselves of its advantages during the past summer, and the Fall Term has opened with a largely increased class. Madame Clarke, who took charge of the vocal department last year, has, by her excellent work, brought it up to the high level long since occupied by the instrumental departments. Prof. Epstein remains the director of the piano classes. His reputation as a pianist, teacher and composer is so well established that his name is in itself a guarantee of good work. Next to him, in the same department, is Prof. Hoffmann, a gentleman of whose high qualifications we have had occasion to speak before. The other teachers of the piano, though less extensively known, are all capable and painstaking. In this branch, therefore, the opportunities for instruction are unusually complete.

Notwithstanding the fact that the management of so large an institution is in itself as much as any one man ought to do, Director Waldauer, through love of his art, doubtless, retains his position at the head of the violin classes, and that violin pupil is indeed fortunate who secures the personal attention of so thoroughly grounded a master.

The other orchestral instruments are taught by the very best local masters of each, while harmony and composition are by no means neglected. In a word, whatever the special bent of the music student, he can find in this institution, at very reasonable rates, too, the special instruction and guidance which he may need. Communications should be addressed to the Director, Professor August Waldauer, 1603 Olive Street, St. Louis.

MUSIC IN PARIS.

E borrow the following interesting matter from the Paris correspondence of the London *Musical Standard*:

"The first of September brings the beginning of the Paris dramatic and musical season, and, as a rule, is quickly followed by the collapse of all the open air entertainments which have been acting as musical stop-gaps for us during the summer. The *cafés-concerts* in the Champs Elysées, the military music in the parks, and the "Promenades" in the Jardin d'Acclimation will soon be over for the season, and people will be crowding back to hear new works at the Opera and Opéra Comique, or filling the Châtelet and Circus to hear the splendid orchestras of M. Colonne and M. Lamoureux.

Before the last loud echoes of those much described and much despised *café-concerts* die away in the Champs Elysées, it may not be out of place to draw attention to the astonishing change for the better that has come over the street and popular song of Paris within the last two or three years. After the war and throughout the gaudy Imperial period, the music dished up at the Alcazar and Eldorados was of the most shamelessly vulgar and meretricious description. Indeed, only by stretching courtesy to its utmost limit could it be called music. The words which inspired the pitiful songs bawled or simpered out in Paris were worthy of the settings, and marked by a degraded spirit, sometimes taking the form of blatant chauvinism or sham sentimentality, but far more often leaning in the direction of suggestive nastiness. Until as I say, about two or three years ago, this state of things continued, and the *café-chantant* was a scorn and a bye-word to the German, the Italian, and even the Englishman.

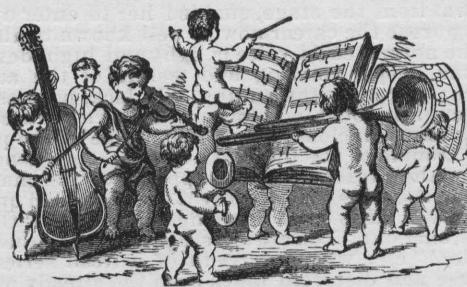
The improvement came with the introduction of new political and social factors into France, perhaps, too, with the gradual dying-out of the Imperial generation. General Boulanger, whatever else may be said of him, was the indirect cause of the revival of French song writing. The comic and the satiric singers took him for their theme. Some wrote against, some for him, but he was the central pretext for their songs. And ere long one began to notice that the tunes hummed and whistled about the streets were getting less vulgar, more delicate, more sprightly, and in a word, more musical. "*En revenant de la Revue*" was the first symptom. It was of course, in no sense ambitious music, but it had a striking rhythm, proper musical form, and vivacity, and it was no way shocking to the ordinary ear. "*Les Pious-pious d'Auvergne*" which followed, was much better, more refined and equally taking. The song which at this moment is being sung in every corner of France—"Le Père la Victoire"—is infinitely higher than either. There is a touch of patriotic sadness in the introduction, and real patriotic hope rings out in the closing bars. The words are not unworthy of the old Béranger days. Half-a-dozen other examples could be quoted.

For this most welcome musical reform the nation is largely indebted to the efforts of a little knot of eccentric Bohemians, not altogether to be admired in most ways, who have for some years past been in the habit of meeting at the artistic haunt on Montmartre heights, known as the "Brasserie du Chat Noir." A handful of youthful irregulars—painters, pamphleteers, composers, and poets—have initiated an artistic movement which has had more influence over the taste of the day than grave folk would imagine. What some have scribbled, others have set to music, and others have sung. All have talent of a kind, one or two, indeed, talent of a high order. The political and social satirical verses of M. Jules Jouy have made him famous. He is a Henri Rochefort tempered by Desaugiers, and his "skits" on the men and follies of the day are eagerly caught up as fast as they are written. M. Georges Fragerolles has achieved reputation in another direction. He is a patriotic composer with considerable poetic feeling, and his "Sentinelles, Veillez!" will live at least as long as this generation.

From the "Chat Noir," the songs of the Montmartre youth have spread, first over Paris, and now over France. They have been a blessed relief from the maudlin rubbish we have had to endure for almost a quarter of a century."

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.



OUR MUSIC.

"SUNBEAMS ON THE WATER".....A. J. Epstein.

Mr. Abraham Epstein is a modest man, and while he has not been able to "hide his light under a bushel" as a pianist of real ability, he has hitherto published none of his compositions. Our readers will see at a glance, however, that this is not the work of a tyro, but rather that of a master. As a *morceau de salon*, this work is worthy of a place alongside of the very best. From the barcarolle-like opening to the gavotte-like close, every bar is interesting.

"CONFIDENCE" (Op. 19, No. 4).....Mendelssohn.

To introduce this old friend, one of the best known of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," further than to call the reader's attention to the editor's careful work, in fingering, phrasing, etc., would be to insult his intelligence.

"ALPINE STORM" (Duet).....Kunkel.

The solo of this composition was published in this journal a few months ago. The success of this piece has been phenomenal. Arranged for orchestra, it has been played again and again to highly pleased audiences. Gilmore has made it one of his most popular numbers. As a duet, it is, of course, more effective than as a solo, and makes a most effective concert number. For the benefit of those who might not have at hand the description we published of the piece when it appeared as a solo, we append it:

This composition may be called a tone picture of pastoral summer life. All is peace in the Alpine valley where the young shepherd tends his sheep. For the time being, however, he has left the responsibility of the care of his flock to his faithful and well-trained dogs, for his mind is now upon the lamb of another flock, Lisette, whose mother's cottage he can see in the distance. Hethinks that even now he spies her in the meadow caressing her pet lamb, and he takes up his oboe in the hope that some faint echo of her favorite love song may reach her ears and tell her that Jacques is thinking of her. While he is playing this melody, the distant thunder of an approaching summer shower is heard, but, too much absorbed in his music or the thoughts of her who is its inspiration, he hears it not and continues to play. A louder rumble, however, recalls him to the present realities of life and the necessities of his fleecy charge, and changing his tune he gives his dogs the signal to drive the flock under shelter. Hardly is this done when the rain begins to fall and the storm's precursor, the wind, to hiss through the mountain pines. Soon the storm breaks in all its fury, the mountain torrents leap from rock to rock, the trees twist their arms as if in agony and bend before the Storm King as if asking mercy at his hands. Their prayer is heard. The Storm King departs; the sun breaks through the clouds; a million raindrops sparkle like diamonds on each tree; the birds twitter to their mates in the branches; the young shepherd signals his flocks to return to the pasture and resumes his song to his love in the distance, while the faint and fainter rumble of the thunder tells that the storm is now disappearing in the distance.

"LILIAN POLKA".....Sidus.

Lilian please, Mr. Printer—not Lillian, that etymological abomination, which so many of the fair sex prefer to the correct name—for this is a correct piece, and a pretty piece, and its name must not be disgraced and discredited. The reduplicated I may do for such great (?) artists and bad spellers as "Lillian" — and "Lillian" —, but we'll none of it here.

"GREETINGS FROM FAR AWAY".....Surette.

A very pretty and singable song, which will be sure to please many of our readers.

The pieces in this issue cost, in sheet form:

"SUNBEAMS ON THE WATER".....Epstein, \$.75

"CONFIDENCE" (Op. 19, No. 4).....Mendelssohn, .25

"ALPINE STORM" (Duet).....Kunkel, 1.50

"LILIAN POLKA".....Sidus, .35

"GREETINGS FROM FAR AWAY".....Surette, .35

Total\$3.20

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SUNBEAMS ON THE WATER.

A. I. Epstein.

Moderato ♩ = 100.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. Each staff has a treble clef and a bass clef. The first three staves are in common time (♩), while the fourth staff begins in common time and ends in 2/4 time. The music features various dynamics such as *p*, *dim.*, and *Ped.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and slurs group the notes. The piano keys are labeled with numbers 1 through 5 to show finger placement. The piece concludes with a final cadence in 2/4 time.

a tempo.

f

Ped.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

rit.

4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

a tempo.

pp

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

cres.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

dim.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

5 4 3 2 1

Ped.

Ped.

Six staves of musical notation for piano, arranged vertically. The top two staves are in G major (two sharps) and show hands playing eighth-note patterns with dynamic markings like *12*, *10*, and *morendo.*. The third staff begins with *Allegro* and *132* BPM. The fourth staff features a bass line with *r.h.* (right hand) and *Ped.* (pedal) markings. The fifth staff shows a treble line with *rit.* (ritardando), *a tempo.*, and *Ped.* markings. The sixth staff continues with *rit.*, *a tempo.*, and *Ped.* markings. The bottom staff concludes with *f* (fortissimo), *rit.*, *a tempo.*, and *Ped.* markings.

Musical score for piano, featuring two staves (treble and bass). The score consists of six systems of music, each starting with a dynamic instruction:

- System 1:** *f*, Ped.
- System 2:** *p*, Ped.
- System 3:** *mf*, Ped.
- System 4:** *cres-* (beginning of a crescendo), Ped.
- System 5:** *cen - do f*, Ped.
- System 6:** *rit.* (ritardando), Ped.

Performance instructions include:
- Fingerings: Numerical fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4) above or below notes.
- Pedal markings: "Ped." with a curved line, asterisks (*), and a circled "Ped." with a curved line.
- Articulation: Staccato dots under some notes.
- Measure numbers: "8" above the staff in System 4.
- Key changes: A key signature of one sharp (F#) is present throughout the piece.
- Time signature: The time signature is mostly common time (indicated by a "4").
- Dynamics: *f* (fortissimo), *p* (pianissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cres-*, *do f* (f), *rit.*, *a tempo.*

più moderato.

dolce.

The image shows a page of sheet music for piano, consisting of five staves. The music is written in common time and includes various dynamics such as *rit.*, *a tempo.*, *cres.*, *f*, *p*, *r.h.*, *l.h.*, and *Ped.*. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, and performance instructions like "decido." are present. The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines.

Tempo I.

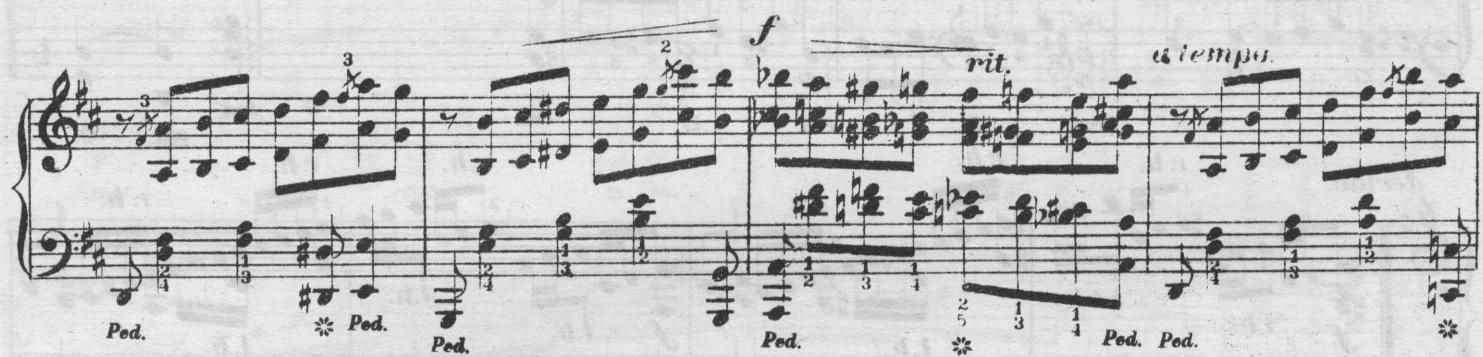


a tempo.



rit.

a tempo.



molto animato.



8



CONFIDENCE.

(VERTRAUEN)

Song without words.

Felix Mendelssohn Op. 19. № 4.

Moderato ♩ = 92.

Introduction.

Moderato ♩ = 92.

Introduction.

Song.

Ped. *

dim. p sf

r.h.

cres.

ritard. a tempo.

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

Ped. *

ALPINE STORM.

Charles Kunkel Op. 105.

Secondo.

Moderato. ♩-144. The young shepherd plays a love song upon his oboe.

Sheet music for the first system of 'Alpine Storm'. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The bassoon part starts with a melodic line, and the piano accompaniment consists of sustained notes. The bassoon part includes fingerings (4, 5, 2, 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, 5) and dynamic markings (pp una corda, soft pedal). The piano part has 'Ped.' under each note.

The thunder of a distant storm mingles with the pastoral melody.

Sheet music for the second system of 'Alpine Storm'. The key signature changes to A-flat major (one flat). The bassoon part continues its melodic line. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The bassoon part includes fingerings (4, 5, 2, 4, 1, 2, 4, 2, 4) and dynamic markings (tre corde, without soft pedal). The piano part has 'Ped.' under each note.

The thunder becomes more distinct.

Sheet music for the third system of 'Alpine Storm'. The key signature changes to G major (no sharps or flats). The bassoon part continues its melodic line. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The bassoon part includes fingerings (2, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 3, 2, 1, 4, 1, 2, 5) and dynamic markings (mf). The piano part has 'Ped.' under each note.

Sheet music for the fourth system of 'Alpine Storm'. The key signature changes to E-flat major (one flat). The bassoon part continues its melodic line. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The bassoon part includes fingerings (2, 1, 4, 5, 2, 4, 1, 3, 4, 5, 2, 1, 3, 4, 5) and dynamic markings (mf). The piano part has 'Ped.' under each note.

Sheet music for the fifth system of 'Alpine Storm'. The key signature changes to C major (no sharps or flats). The bassoon part continues its melodic line. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. The bassoon part includes fingerings (1, 4, 2, 3, 1, 3, 4, 2, 1, 2, 3, 1, 3) and dynamic markings (p, Ped.). The piano part has 'Ped.' under each note.

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ALPINE STORM.

Charles Kunkel Op. 105.

Moderato. ♫—144. The young shepherd plays a love song upon his oboe.

The thunder of a distant storm mingles with the pasoral melody.

The thunder becomes more distinct.

A horizontal strip of sheet music for piano. The top staff shows a melodic line with various fingerings (e.g., 1, 4, 5) and dynamic markings like 'mf'. The bottom staff shows harmonic notes. Pedal instructions 'Ped.' are placed under specific notes in both staves, indicating when to depress the sustain pedal.

Secondo.

The shepherd gives a signal to his dogs to bring the flock under shelter.

The rain begins to fall.

Con anima.

The wind hisses among the mountain pines.

8

The shepherd gives a signal to his dogs
to bring the flock under shelter.

Primo. 8

Con anima. The rain begins to fall.

8

*

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

8

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

mf

8

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

The wind hisses among the mountain pines.

8

Ped.

mf

*

8

dimin

-uen

-do

Secondo.

The storm comes on in full power.

The score shows two staves. The top staff is for the right hand and the bottom staff is for the left hand. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The time signature is common time. The dynamics are indicated as follows: dynamic f (fortissimo) with pedaling instruction "Ped." at the beginning of each measure; dynamic p (pianissimo) with pedaling instruction "Ped." at the beginning of each measure; dynamic f (fortissimo) with pedaling instruction "Ped." at the beginning of each measure; and dynamic f (fortissimo) with pedaling instruction "Ped." at the beginning of each measure. Measures 1-4 are identical, followed by a repeat sign and measures 5-8 which are also identical.

Thunderbolt.

A musical score for two pianos in 2/4 time, featuring a treble clef and a bass clef. The score consists of two staves. The top staff has dynamic markings 'ff' and 'f'. The bottom staff has a dynamic marking 'ff' and a 'Ped.' instruction. Fingerings are indicated above the notes, such as '5 3 1' and '4 2 1'. The score includes several measures of music with various note values and rests.

Musical score for piano, page 12, measures 1-4. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses bass clef and has a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff also uses bass clef. Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic (f) and a 4/4 time signature. Measures 2 and 3 continue with forte dynamics and 4/4 time. Measure 4 begins with a dynamic ff and a 2/4 time signature. The score includes several grace notes and pedaling instructions (Ped.). Measure 4 ends with a forte dynamic f.

The storm King's lightning eyes flash and the thunders of his voice roll and reverberate.

Primo.

8 - The storm comes on in full power.

ff
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Thunderbolt.

ff
ff ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

ff
ff ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

The storm King's lightning eyes flash and the thunders of his voice roll reverberate.

ff
ff
Ped.
ff
ff
Ped.

ff
ff
Ped.
ff
ff
Ped.

Secondo.

Thunderbolts.

ff cres. cen. do ff

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

ff 2 3 4 5 ff 2 3 4 5 ff 2 3 4 5 ff 2 3 4 5

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

The storm gradually passes away.

1 2 3 4 5 ff dim.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

1 2 5 2 mf dim.

Ped. Ped. Ped.

5 2 1 f

Ped. Ped. Ped.

dim.

Ped. Ped.

pp

Primo.

Thunderbolts.

A musical score for two pianos in 2/4 time, featuring dynamic markings like 'sf' and 'ff'. The score includes fingerings such as 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. The first piano part has 'Ped.' markings at the beginning of each measure. The second piano part has 'Ped.' markings at the beginning of measures 1, 3, and 5. Measures 1-2: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 3-4: Both pianos play sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 5-6: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 7-8: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 9-10: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 11-12: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 13-14: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 15-16: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 17-18: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 19-20: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 21-22: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 23-24: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 25-26: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 27-28: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 29-30: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 31-32: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 33-34: Both pianos play eighth-note chords. Measures 35-36: Both pianos play eighth-note chords.

Sheet music for piano, page 10, measures 8-11. The music is in common time and consists of two staves. The top staff starts with a dynamic of $\frac{8}{8}$, followed by a measure of eighth-note chords. The bottom staff begins with a dynamic of $\frac{5}{8}$. Measure 8 ends with a forte dynamic (ff). Measure 9 begins with a dynamic of $\frac{2}{8}$ and includes a pedaling instruction. Measure 10 begins with a dynamic of $\frac{5}{8}$. Measure 11 concludes with a dynamic of $\frac{3}{8}$.

The storm gradually passes away.

A musical score for piano, featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Both staves are in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature is one flat. Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) followed by a piano dynamic (p). Measures 2 through 7 are marked 'Ped.' (pedal down) and show various chords and note patterns. Measure 8 begins with a dynamic 'dim.' (diminuendo), followed by a piano dynamic (p). Measures 9 and 10 are marked 'Ped.' and show more harmonic progression. The score includes several slurs and grace notes.

A musical score for piano, showing two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. Measure 1 starts with a dynamic of 128 BPM. Measures 2-4 show a series of eighth-note chords. Measure 5 begins with a dynamic of mf . Measures 6-7 show more eighth-note chords. Measure 8 ends with a dynamic of pp .

Con anima ♩-88.

Secondo.

The sun appears, the birds twitter in the branches, the shepherd again calls his dogs and takes his sheep to pasture.

Tempo I ♩-144.

The shepherd resumes his love song, while the thunder gradually dies away in the distance.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Ped. Ped. Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. *

Con anima ♩ 88.

echo.

Primo.

The sun appears, the birds twitter in the branches, the shepherd again calls his dogs and takes his sheep to pasture.

Tempo I. ♩ 144.

8

Singing of Birds.

marcato il melodia.

The shepherd resumes his love song, while the thunder gradually dies away in the distance.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

Secondo.

The image shows a single page of a musical score for double bass. It consists of six staves of music, each with a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The music is written in common time. The notation includes various bowing techniques indicated by curved lines above the notes, fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) shown as small numbers above or below the notes, and dynamic markings such as *p*, *f*, *mf*, *pp*, and *ff*. Performance instructions like "Ped." (pedal) and asterisks are also present. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth note patterns, with several measures of rests. The overall style is characteristic of a technical or virtuosic piece for double bass.

Primo.

marcato il melodia.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

una corda. *tre corde.* *una corda.* *tre corde.* *una*

corda.

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

Written for our pet Lilian Fouton.

LILIAN POLKA

RONDO.

Carl Sidus Op. 200.

Allegretto $\text{♩} = 100$.

Ped. * Ped. *

cres.

mf

Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. *

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FINE.

Repeat from the beginning to Fine.

GREETINGS FROM FAR AWAY.

(Rückert)

T. W. Surette.

Con moto $\text{d} = 104$.

So many stars as shine in the sky

So many little winds murmur-ing by So many blessings at-tend thee

So many blessings at-tend thee So many leaves as dance on the trees,

So many flowers as wave in the breeze Bright - er than those, love, and

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The lyrics "So many flowers as wave in the breeze" are written below the notes. The bottom staff is for the piano, featuring a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part includes a harmonic progression with various chords and fingerings indicated above the notes.

sweet - er than these, The lov - ing thoughts that I send thee

This section continues the musical score from the previous page. The top staff shows the vocal line with the lyrics "sweet - er than these, The lov - ing thoughts that I send thee". The bottom staff shows the piano accompaniment, which includes a bass line and chords.

When I send the a red, red rose The sweet - est flow'r on

This section continues the musical score. The top staff shows the vocal line with the lyrics "When I send the a red, red rose The sweet - est flow'r on". The bottom staff shows the piano accompaniment.

earth that grows Think dear heart how I love thee,

This section concludes the musical score. The top staff shows the vocal line with the lyrics "earth that grows Think dear heart how I love thee,". The bottom staff shows the piano accompaniment.

Think dear heart how I love thee
Lis ten to what the

sweet rose saith With her crim - son leaf and her fra - grant breath

cres.
f
Love I am thine in life or death! O my love dost thou love me!

rit.
mf

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2 P. M.

THE CULTIVATION OF MUSICAL MEMORY.

MUSICAL memory does not present the same character in all pupils. There is the memory of the ear, and that of the mind; the memory in the fingers, or of routine; the memory in the mind, or of reason.

The other kinds of memory may be auxiliaries, but they cannot fill the place of the memory of the mind, the only one that is not fugitive, and which can be depended upon.

The following suggestions will be found useful to those who wish to cultivate musical memory.

1st. In order to avoid perpetuating mistakes, one should memorize only what is known correctly with the music.

2nd. To exercise the memory, close the book and play the piece by heart, whether it be well or badly, as a sort of trial, in order to note those passages that the ear retains, and those which must be entirely learned.

3rd. Strengthen the memory by repeating several times all passages that are retained by the ear, without connecting them with the preceding phrase.

4th. Apply to the other passages the rules recommended for mechanism; separate the forms, analyze them, repeat them and learn them singly. Observe the design of each passage; the displacements of the hands; the right or contrary movements of the parts; the modulations. Force the ear to retain the melodies, singing them meanwhile; force the mind to retain the difficult passages, creating at the same time repeating points. Compare the passages with one another; remember one thing by the aid of another (two ideas connected together, are retained better than a single one). Recomence each passage from the point where it is known, pass to the following, then take the whole for the entire connection. This work should be done daily, and above all things very slowly. It is the only means for reflection while playing, and for preventing too close a connection between the ear and the fingers, a connection that leads to inaccuracy and a want of solidity. It is not less essential that this work be done mechanically, that is without shadings. A pupil can not acquire in his memory, at once, perfect accuracy of the fingers and expression; the latter is done at hazard, instead of being done methodically.

It would also be well to commence and end the practice of memory by playing the piece from one end to the other by heart; for instruction the first time; for recapitulation the second.

Exercises should be committed to memory as far as possible, for then one can better observe the position of the hands and the movement of the fingers.

Indeed it is useful to memorize everything that is played—as an end, because whatever is played by heart is played better—as a means, because the memory develops only by being constantly exercised.

Of the pieces learned, there should be kept in the memory a sufficient number to form a repertory, which ought to be more or less rich, according to the age and aptness of the pupil.

By organizing the study of the piano in such a way as to devote to each part of the practice, an amount of time proportioned to its importance, time can be found for keeping up old pieces without neglecting other work. In this division of time and attention, mechanism should have a large share, for its development demands not only care and regularity, but much time.

Reading is less exacting, especially if the pupil has been diligent in this regard from the beginning. A few moments employed with discretion will suffice for keeping up old pieces. The residue of the time must be given to current work.

It may be useful to sometimes break the monotony, resulting from too great a uniformity in the distribution of practice—and special advantage will be gained by accustoming pupils to go out of their regular habits without being put out by the change.—H. PARENT.

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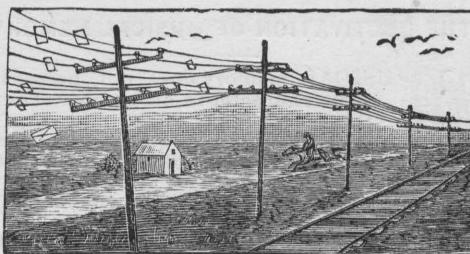
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LIVERPOOL, Aug. 22, 1888.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Here I am preparing for embarkation to the land of liberty and oysters, and here also are Profs. Carl Faelten, G. E. Whiting, J. D. Buckingham and Otto Bendix, all belonging to the Tournee Excursion party, and all returning to the New England Conservatory of Music, where, from present appearances, they are to have the busiest of seasons.

My last letter described the Bayreuth festival, and, if I remember rightly, I proposed in this letter to speak of life in Bayreuth during the festival. The frame was as interesting as the picture. Almost every day in the little city seemed to be a celebrity of one sort or another. At "Angermann's," the best restaurant of the place, celebrated persons were packed together as close as sardines in a box. On one plank, stretched across two beer kegs, and serving as a seat, there were gathered together Prince Alexander of Hesse, Eduard Lassen, Hans Richter, and your correspondent. Later in the evening there came Frau Materna, Friedrichs (the incomparable Beckmesser), and a host of other notabilities. All were criticising and reviewing the performances at the same time, and the result was a veritable Babel. I dread to tell the hour at which that gathering separated.

The next day I attended a reunion even more interesting, having been invited by Madame Wagner to come to her reception in Villa Wahnfried.

At this reception, princes, dukes, litterateurs, musical conductors, and artists, met on a common level. The house itself was interesting in its many souvenirs of the great master, but the company yet more so. After I had greeted my hostess and been welcomed by her, (she looked very impressive, her tall, lithe form entirely draped in black, and her gray hair and earnest face standing out nobly against her crimped head dress), I began to look around for familiar faces, and these were soon found. Van Dyck, the handsome tenor, who had made such a success as "Parsifal," astounded me by speaking very poor German, being, however, quite at home in French. There were at least five languages being spoken in that strange gathering. Materna came next with a hearty "Grüss Gott!" and a cordial smile. She wants to visit America soon again, she said. Richter, fat and burly, was the next with whom I found myself in conversation. He hates and dreads the sea (like Verdi) and says that nothing can tempt him to the United States until the ocean is abolished. After a friendly chat with the good-humored conductor, I find a group of Americans in a corner and join them. Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Messrs. Arthur Foote, Clayton Johns, Eliot Hubbard and others are there. Then I find Lamoureux, the great French conductor; fat, gray, jolly, and short, his kindly smile beams through his spectacles as he suggests sitting down and taking an ice and a friendly talk together. He tells me of his attempts to give "Lohengrin" in Paris, and how near he came to being mobbed for his pains; he also speaks of America, and means to come to us some day. He is very fond of travel, and the United States has a peculiar attraction for him. "Very audacious of me," he adds, "when one thinks of the vast number of great musicians you have already." I hasten to reassure him on this point, and say that such as he will always be welcome.

After the collation, comes music. Of course, in such an assembly, it is of marvelous excellence. Scheidemont sing first—Schubert's "Sei mir Gegrüßt"—then Miss Fritsch, of the Carlsruhe Oper House, then Stavenhagen plays, and then Materna caps the climax with a magnificent performance of the finale from the "Götterdämmerung," Mottl playing the accompaniment, and Madam Wagner herself turning the leaves. The evening flies with lightning rapidity, and I am obliged to leave rather early, for I start the next day for Munich on a further Wagnerian pilgrimage. In the last-named city they are giving Wagner's first opera—"Die Feen" ("The Fairies")—composed at twenty years of age. It seemed doubly odd, heard after the master's last and grandest work. The libretto (founded on a fairy tale by Gozzi) is utterly nonsensical, and only fit to make a ballet of. The management, recognizing this fact, have put the piece on with the most spectacular effects. Fairies and mortals are mixed up in the absurd fashion, *a la "Iolanthe."* A cloud is continually going on or off the stage with a load of fairies, like a celestial omnibus, and altogether one can only laugh at the plot. The music is far better, and very curious, for, although it comes from Wagner, it is of the regular conventional style, and often reminds of Weber, Mozart, Bellini, or Auber! There is a cavatina, a march, a mad-scene, a prayer—in short, all the time-honored paraphernalia. The prayer (for quintette and chorus, *a capella*) is, by all odds, the finest part of the opera. Occasionally, the true Wagner peeps out, but it is only at rare intervals. To give the work, seems rather unjust to the composer's memory.

The other adventures of my tour were not musical, therefore I will allude to them but briefly. I went to Switzerland and heard jodling and zither playing *ad infinitum*; to Paris, where grand opera is done without any grand soloists, but here I at least saw a genuine riot, being in the midst of a real communistic mob, nearly got a broken rib, and interviewed the leaders, including Louise Michel.

Immediately after the few hours spent in the company of my socialistic acquaintances, I thought of washing my hands of the whole business and taking a Turkish bath, to sweat out any anarchist theories I might have caught. Paris offers one of the best Turkish baths in the world to the weary traveler—the Hammam—and there I found the same shampooer who, a couple of years ago, used to tie me up into true lover's knots and twist me into impossible attitudes. He had lost none of his fiery enthusiasm, and pounded me as if he were a French police agent arresting a female rioter. In the opposite corner of the bath, I saw James Gordon Bennett, Jr., undergoing similar treatment. He is lithe and active, spite of a

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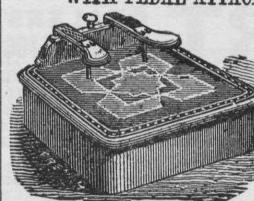
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few gray hairs, and he takes the baths regularly. There is a legend in the Hammam that he once emphasized a request for a real English beefsteak by throwing the thin French imitation in the cook's face; of this I know not, but I am sure that at present one gets an excellent lunch at the Hammam, after the bath, when one feels like devouring anything from a baby's ankle (an excellent dish, a cannibal once told me) to a fried hippopotamus. It was well that I refreshed myself with such an invigorating process, for my next encounter was with a barber under the Hotel Bergère, who was determined to cure me of many possible evils. He began by praising my French, and, finding that I was not overjoyed at having my "Parisian as she is spoke" commended, he came down to solid business. He predicted more diseases for me than are enumerated in a patent medicine advertisement, or in the book of Job; he said my skin was thin and delicate (I have a hide of rhinocerous thickness), he said that it would inflame soon and many pimples would burst forth, he said that my hair was about to grow very thin, and that the roots of my moustache were in danger of becoming unrooted, and all these things could be averted, and general happiness maintained (including his own, I suppose) by buying a bottle of lotion, and a box of powder, both of which he manufactured. As I remained callous to his graphic picture, and seemed rather pleased at the possibility of becoming a loathsome object, he grew colder and colder, and the shave, which began in tenderness, ended in rasping.

But I emerged in a presentable condition, and determined to look up my artist friends in Paris, first stopping to speak a little North American at the Cosmopolitan Restaurant, in the Rue Scribe. All over Paris you will find the sign "Boissons Américaines" in front of the different cafés. Do they keep American drinks? Not at all, but the proprietor has a bottle of whiskey on the premises, and presumes upon the fact. Were you to enter (which, of course, you would not), and were you to demand a cocktail or a toddy (which is imagining most improbable things) you would utterly disconcert the proprietor. Not so at the Cosmopolitan. A wicked man, intent on such a plan, once entered there and asked "Can I have a 'Manhattan'?" and the presiding artist responded "Well, I should smile!" and they both smiled. But I searched for nothing more exhilarating than a cup of black coffee and the waiter who was struck by Sullivan on his return from his French defeat, for it must be confessed that the Cosmopolitan is rather a wild, sporting rendezvous. The gargon, who is named Joseph Gantzer, gave me a pathetic account of "our John's" arrival in the French metropolis, his furious drunk, and fierce ugliness. The only tip he gave the poor fellow, tipped him completely over and left him black and blue for a week.

The American colony of artists had left Paris for their summer sketching tours. I was sorry for this, for there were many Bostonians that I should like to have seen. There were Vonoh, Kitson, Hassam, Garratt, and a host of others that have become known in France, all out of town. But I heard of one bit of artistic gossip that was welcome news. In order to make American artists, who have won European fame, better known in their native land, the association which they have formed is to issue, through Goupil & Co., an *édition de luxe* of the American masterpieces, which will appear in parts, the first part to be issued in the fall. I found the great American oriental painter, E. L. Weeks, *chez lui*, and during an informal breakfast at his magnificent studio in the Avenue de Wagram, heard many interesting details of the great advance Americans are making in the foreign field of art. Mr. Weeks has a large canvas on his easel at present, an East Indian scene, with four Hindoo maidens charmingly grouped in the foreground, and a sunny and bright atmosphere to it all that will make it a celebrated work when completed.

It is quite a matter of skill to do nothing in the graceful manner that the Parisian does it. To flaneur; to walk down the Boulevards, looking in at every shop window, studying all the faces that pass, reading all the notices on the kiosks, that is a veritable art. Naturally, under such circumstances, a very slight matter draws a crowd. I approach one throng, and find—few boys playing peg-in-the-ring; another, and discover couple of men bandying words not at all in a belligerent manner,—and so it goes on until I come to the Café de la Régence, near the Palais Royal. This is the chess club of Europe. Here, at one time, Morphy used to play, and even now you can find the chess champions of the world within its walls. There are half a dozen games in progress as I enter, and I soon pay my devotions to the goddess Caissa by entering into a game myself.

You can readily imagine that all my Paris experience, save the knock in the ribs aforesaid from a soldier's musket, was pleasant and delightful. In London I haunted the antiquarian stores, and I shall, as a result of this (and of prowlings about Nuremberg, Chester and Strassburg), bring home with me a treatise on music by Zarlin (printed in 1562) a book of "Sacred ayres and Dialogues to be sung to Theorbo Lute" edited and many numbers composed by Henry Purcell, "A book of Ayres" by John Playford 1683, two other ancient collections of Spinet and Harpsichord music, and eight beautifully illuminated bits of missal music (hand painted, of course) of the thirteenth century. Which I think is doing well enough when you consider the hurried wanderings of COMES.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

"PRESTO—FROM THE SINGING SCHOOL TO THE MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL" is the title of a brochure of about a hundred pages, from the pen of F. E. Tunison, issued in excellent style from the press of Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati. Price \$1.00. We confess that we took up this little work expecting to be bored. The history of the musical development of Cincinnati seemed to us to be so thoroughly local, that we believed we could not be much interested in it. We were agreeably disappointed. In the first place, the author has a clear, incisive style, which makes his work easy reading; secondly, he has a mind of his own and speaks it, and it is evident that his opinions of men and things are those of a clear-sighted observer, uninfluenced by fear or favor; finally, he interjects here and there critical and philosophical considerations—not long drawn out disquisitions, but condensed common sense—which relieve the chronicle of events of their merely local character by drawing therefrom conclusions of universal application. We publish elsewhere an extract from Mr. Tunison's work which will give a fair idea of the characteristics we have mentioned and which help to make his work not only interesting but valuable. It should have a large sale, especially in the valley of the Ohio.



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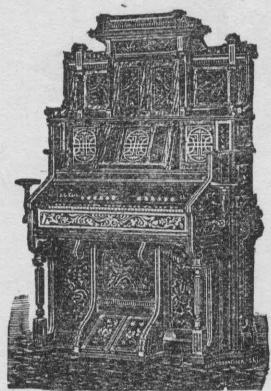
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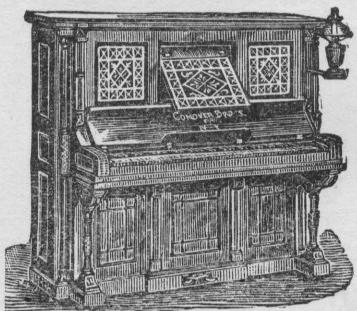
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INFLUENCE OF GERMAN AMATEURS ON MUSIC IN AMERICA.

"POINT in the record has now been reached," writes F. E. Tunison in his recent brochure "From the Singing School to the May Musical Festival," "where we can, with justice to all concerned, turn aside for special and extended consideration of another and more exclusive class in musical work, whether for entertainment or education, and with this class the former will be found to be the predominating incentive. With the German, music and mirth are synonymous terms, and the music of the masters must be supplemented by the more inspiring tinkle of the glasses ere an event of a musical nature has been rounded to its legitimate conclusions. Much has been said of his influence as a molder of musical taste in this country. We contend that it is not so much the German as the world-moving geniuses who could not control the accident of birth by which they inherited a Teutonic ancestry. Some men by the power of accomplishment overleap the barriers that national prejudice and a pardonable local pride would erect for their restraint and become citizens of universal civilization. The fact that Beethoven was born in Bonn is a trivial item. How many can cite the fact without the aid of a biography? The direction of his thought, the monumental productions of his fertile pen, are the sustaining medium for the glorious superstructure, reputation, and although he labored and was condemned for musical heresy so long ago, his works still reflect the giant spirit that dwelt within him, still exert an influence that encircles the world like a girdle of gold studded with jewels, each gem in the setting marking a spot where his music has shed a new light abroad, produced a clearer atmosphere and made of his name a household treasure. Had he lived until the present time, Beethoven should have been a Republican, an American, from the inevitable logic of events. Here he would have been tolerantly received, would have been given gracious encouragement to yet more freely trample upon the dainty toes of education, custom and tradition. He would not have been hampered by the bigotry of school, the caste of abhorrence for consecutive fifths, and the graceless scion of his house would have been kicked into line by that powerful engine, an unrestricted press.

The Germans, as such, keep within their own social boundary, strictly—we mean now those who compose the amateur element—in musical matters. They cling to the traditions of their fathers with the tenacity of a drowning man to a plank, and on this account have sadly weakened the influence they otherwise might have exerted for good in the land of their adoption. We are not complaining, and do not wish to be so understood; for every man is, or should be, a law unto himself until his code of practice comes in conflict with the statutory enactment of the land in which he dwells. But we protest against the eagerness with which many writers have hastened to decorate the Teutonic brow with the laurel rose for the German triumph over musical ignorance in this country. When German societies emerge from themselves; when they give concerts in the vernacular and emancipate them from contact with the damaging influences that almost wrecked their Sangerfests, then and not till then shall we deem it necessary to think of the good they may do. As it stands, their influence for a riper knowledge and higher reverence for music has been nil, and it is an empty compliment to urge the contrary. As for the May Festivals they are essentially a product of American enterprise and borrowed their inspiration from the English and not from the German type. Many ardent Festival supporters have German names, but they are Americans and believe in the fitness of institutions that accomplish the most good for the greatest number. They believe, with the truly musical American, that there is a point to be gained in support of the religion and morality of musical thought and action as well as participation, short of which it is inexpedient to stop. If the best music came from the Rhine country, it has found a respected habitation in a land of finer fiber and from the American the German shall yet learn how to display proper reverence therefor. The best comparison that can possibly be deduced as reflecting the superiority of the American Festival over the Sangerfest assumes this shape with an ease that is most surprising. Remove from the Sangerfest its presiding spirit of conviviality and from the May Festivals their commanding and ever lofty standard for concert achievement, and they will occupy a mutual death bed within a year. But the causes, how different! how different!"

Loot Hege, Friend. Are you Sick?

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

WHAT a pity it is that the travelers who penetrate into the heart of Africa are not, as a rule, musical enough to note the songs which are so interesting among those little-known but very interesting and musical tribes. So far as we know, Schweinfurth has been the only musical traveler who had gone far into the dark continent, and many of his musical memoranda were destroyed by fire before he emerged from Africa. There is much that may be discovered in ethnology by tracing the melodies of a primitive people, and many points connected with the rise of music may be inferentially determined by this means. Besides this, the Central Africans are known to be very fond of music. Every traveler to that country carries along a music-box or two as propitiatory presents to hostile kings; the jewsharp has a home in Central Africa, and is greatly prized there; and Sir Samuel Baker says that a man traveling through Africa with a hand-organ would be as safe as one having a guard of soldiers with him. Perhaps Africa may yet give a composer or two to the music of the future.—*Herald*.

CORELLI.—This celebrated musician possessed a vein of good-humored pleasantries, of which the following is an agreeable instance: Adam Strunck, violinist of the Rector of Hanover, arriving at Rome, immediately paid him a visit. Corelli, not knowing his person, but learning in the course of conversation that he was a musician, asked what was his instrument. Strunck replied he played a little on the harpsichord and violin, and begged the favor that Corelli would let him hear his performance on the latter instrument. Corelli politely complied; and, on laying down the violin, requested a specimen of Strunck's abilities. The stranger began to play rather carelessly, but so well as to induce Corelli to pay him a compliment on the freedom of his bow, and to remark, that, with practice, he would become an excellent player. Strunck then put the violin out of tune, and began to play with such skill, correcting with his fingers the mistuning of the instrument, that Corelli, amazed at his dexterity, exclaimed: "I am called Archangelo; but, by heaven, Sir, you must be Archidavolo!"—*Musical Society*.

WITH music and poetry twin sisters among the muses, one would expect to find musicians generally fond of poetry, and poets ardently attached to music. This is, however, far from being the case. Neither Bach or Handel were great lovers of poetry, and if Beethoven was greatly moved by Schiller's "Ode to Joy," it was rather because of the subject (universal brotherhood) than because of its treatment. Mozart cared little for poetry, and often merely took poems as so many pegs whereon to hang' melodies. Dr. Johnson disliked music, as did Dean Swift (to glance at the other side of the subject), and many of the most eminent poets and literateurs have had but the merest toleration for the art.

Notable exceptions to this, however, were Shakespeare and Milton. Shakespeare continually proves himself music-lover of good taste and culture, while Milton never speaks of music without becoming enthusiastic and impressive. Music was his most cherished recreation, and in the later days of his life, blind, old, poor, and forsaken, he found consolation at the organ, and allowed music to carry him into a world which was less harsh to him than the one in which he was forced to dwell awhile.—*Exchange*.

FORM in music, like beauty and grace in nature, is of everlasting attraction, says a writer in the *Musical Times*, and although a period of asceticism may pass over men's minds and urge them to rebel, and to be insensible to the attractions and fascinations of comeliness and order, they must return to the obedience demanded of nature's laws, perhaps wiser and better for the experiences gained through the age of rebellion. The lessons of the past lead to the highest belief in the future, for with so many earnest laborers in the field there must be some good work a-doing.

With form comes melody. The pieces by Wagner, the avowed antagonist of form, which have obtained greatest favor with the public, are those in which the demands of form are observed. His overtures to "Tannhäuser," the "Flying Dutchman," and the "Meistersinger," which are among those most frequently repeated, are in good form. His march in "Tannhäuser," another popular piece, in short march form, trio and all, and the Spinning chorus from the "Flying Dutchman," might, as far as the outline is concerned, have been written by one of the old Italian composers of the last century, while its melody might have emanated from the fertile brains of Balfe, Wallace, or Bishop.

THE MINOR KEY.—Mathematical musicians aver that the Minor Key is not in nature. How comes it, then, that sailors' tunes, the Christmas carols, and the old monkish chants, between which there is remarkable similarity, should partake so much of this mode? These come down to us from remote periods; the Argonauts might have invented the first, and the shepherds of Bethlehem the second, for anything we know of the matter. It is hardly to be supposed that, in the infancy of the language of sound, people who merely vented their feelings should affect a refinement beyond nature. But let us hear the two combinations. The major chord, which is the natural and perfect combination, as mathematicians impress upon us, conveys nothing beyond a satisfactory impression to the ear. The minor chord, on the contrary, carries the sentiment of melancholy in its sound;—a shade passes over us as we hear it. It would be a pleasant deduction to draw thence, that all the misery, pain, or unhappiness, that are to be found in the world, are but the perversions of Nature's intentions, like the minor key! Banish sorrow, and we should have no more sympathy with so sophistic a mode. We believe that none of these quaint minor tunes, with which mariners are wont to soothe the dreary hours of their watch, have ever been pricked down in notes.—*Spectator*.

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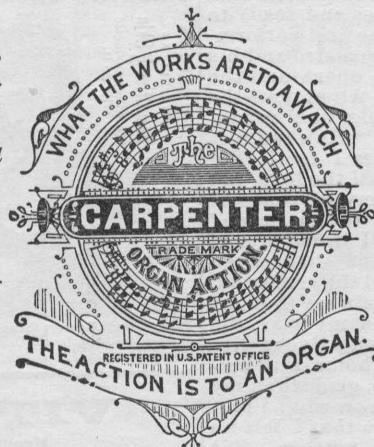
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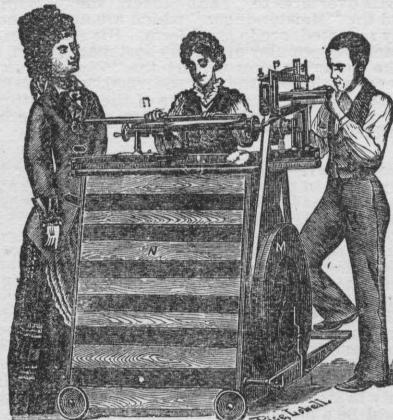
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INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON DEER.—The stag, like many other animals, is influenced by the sound of music, and particularly fond of the shepherd's pipe, which is sometimes employed to lure him to destruction. He listens with tranquillity and seeming delight. Walter alludes to this partiality of the animal for music in his “*Ode to Lady Issabella playing on the Lute*,” in the following lines:

“Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Employs his quiver on the listening deer;
Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.”

And “*Playford's Introduction to Music*” has this passage: “Traveling some years since, I met on the road near Royston a herd of about twenty stags following a bagpipe and violin, which while the music played, went forward, when it ceased they all stood still, and in this manner they were brought out of Yorkshire to Hampton Court.” Of fallow deer traveling on the road from one park to another, although at the distance of nine miles, those from Turville Park, near Henley, afford a specimen; this was not, indeed, effected through the medium of “sweet sound,” but by incessantly keeping the deer for three days and nights in the park from whence they were driven; this want of rest rendered them so tame that they gave no trouble upon the road in their removal, but went quietly along like a flock of sheep, though the herd consisted of 300 head.—*Musical Herald*.

RICHARD COEUR DE LION was probably the most aristocratic minstrel mentioned in history, and the “gentlemen musicians” who now-a-days travel round the country with a donkey and a piano, disguising their doubtlessly noble features with false beards and big sombreros, are perhaps accustomed to claim the royal bard as their patron saint. But up to the present time, King Richard's claims to musical fame have been somewhat shadowy. It has at last been discovered that some solid basis for these claims exists, if a contemporary is to be believed, although the discovery relates rather to the king's poetical faculty, than to his musical attainments. A manuscript, it seems, has been found in the Treves Library, which contains fragments of a poem written by the illustrious warrior while he was held in that captivity whose hardships were lightened by the sweet strains of Blondel's guitar. The title of the work in question is “*Sainte Nonna et son fils Saint Devoy*,” and the notes at the foot of the text ascribe the authorship to Richard. Here is food for musical antiquarians.

Times are indeed changed since the days of the lion-hearted troubadour, and we do not suppose that even that most melancholy bore, the *laudator temporis acti*, would wish to bring those days back again. The Prince of Wales is no doubt an enlightened man, who is in active sympathy with the musical developments of his time, but the most wildly irreverent mind can hardly picture him as a wandering minstrel; nor is it easy to think of him as a prisoner, say in the wilds of Ireland, with Mr. Cusins solacing his captivity by singing somnolent melodies outside his dungeon window. The old regime has indeed a touch of romance lacking to-day, but, after all, there can be no doubt as to which condition of things is most favorable to art.—*Musical World*.

SEPTUAGENARIAN, YET YOUNG.

HE Daily News of London, Eng., publishes an interesting account of a visit recently paid to Verdi by Giuseppe Giacosa. “I asked Mme. Verdi,” he says, “whether the maestro was think of any new work.” The good and distinguished lady, who is really the guardian angel of her husband, replied: “For mercy's sake let him rest; don't you think he has worked enough?” I remember that at Milan, on the evening of “*Otello*,” while the crowd applauded below his window, he said to me, fixing his deep and shining eyes on my face: “If I were forty years younger, I would begin to work again to-morrow.” I am convinced that under the stimulus of some new idea he would actually grow younger by forty years. The warm passion, the masculine anguish that palpitates in every note of “*Otello*” proves it. A really old man does not love and suffer so. This immense dramatic force cannot be only the fruit of knowledge. To pray like Desdemona, to weep and despair and go mad like Othello, the fire of the composer's soul must be covered with very few ashes and ready to burst into flame. Two days after the first performance of “*Otello*” I dined with the maestro and his wife. Of course we spoke of the opera and the great fatigue it must have caused. All at once the maestro, who, while we were talking, had gradually become thoughtful, exclaimed: “How sad it is to have finished it! How solitary I feel! Till now, as soon as I woke, I took up all the love, the rage, the jealousy, the deceit of my personages. I said to myself, ‘To-day I must write that scene,’ and if it did not come to my mind I armed myself for a struggle, certain of victory, and then, when my task was finished, there remained the rehearsal, the doubts, the study to clearly explain my thought to the actors, to make them act in my way, the scenic inventions which the representative reality suggested to me; and I returned home still agitated by the splendid theatrical life, glad when my intentions were realized, meditating on what I proposed to arrive at on the morrow, so that I felt no fatigue, and was not conscious of my age. But now! Now, that ‘*Otello*’ belongs to the public, it ceases to be mine, it separates itself from me entirely, and the place it held within me was so large that I feel an enormous vacancy, and think that I can never again fill it up.”

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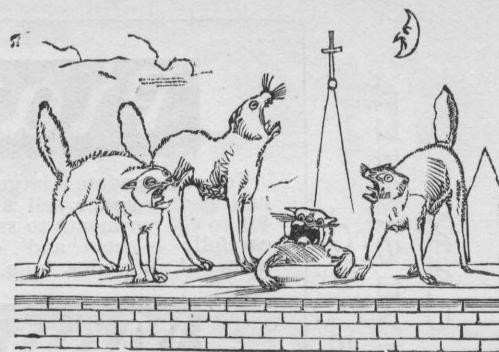
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"OH! aunty," cried little Amy in the nursery yesterday, "make Freddy behave himself; every time I happen to hit him on the head with the mallet, he bursts out crying."—*N. Y. World.*

M. WINKS—May I have the honor of your company to the Wagner concert?
Miss de Blue—Certainly. I dote on Vogner. When is it?
Mr. Winks—Vonsday.

A LITTLE High street girl, whose father's orchard was recently devastated by thievish small boys, indignantly declared the next morning: "I guess we'll have to get a rhubarb wire fence."—*St. Albans Messenger.*

"WHHEW!" sighed the umbrella, "how I suffer! I am worn to a skeleton, and have had four of my ribs broken for a week."

"Go to!" retorted the hat. "You suffer! Why every night of my life is spent upon the rack."—*Time.*

"WHAT in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open that can of tomatoes with?" "Can-opener, of course," he growled; "what do you s'pose I opened it with?" "I thought, from the language you used, you were opening it with prayer."—*Life.*

TEACHER—What is tautology?

Boy—Repetition.

Teacher—Give me an example.

Boy—We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsa's beau is coming to dinner also.

Teacher—Go up head.

DORA—How do you fetch him at last, dear?

Laura—I told him I'd about made up my mind to become a Sister of Mercy.

Dora—How did that affect him?

Laura—He asked me if I wouldn't practice on him as my first unfortunate.—*Time.*

LITTLE Johnny one day surprised his father with:

"Pa, I love grandma, and I want to marry her."

"You silly boy; that would be impossible."

"Why, pa?"

"Because—because she is my mother."

"Well, pa, didn't you marry my mother?"

Pa collapses.—*N. Y. World.*

MR. WABASH (of Chicago)—Yes, Miss Waldo, I see the Atlantic ocean to-day for the first time. What a vast amount of merchandise is carried on the broad bosom of that mighty sheet of water!

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—Ah, yes, Mr. Wabash; it is very advantageously situated, you know, being so near Boston!—*Time.*

"I HAVE fame at last within my grasp," said an ambitious composer.

"How so?"

"You know that Mendelssohn's 'Wedding March' helped amazingly in making his fame?"

"Well, what of it?"

"I shall write a divorce march."—*Lincoln Journal.*

DEACON—I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome.

Young Man—Thanks.

Deacon—I suppose you find church-going a great comfort?

Young Man—Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer-book I helped hold up?

Deacon—Yes.

Young Man—She's a great comfort, too.—*Time.*

CHICAGO EDITOR (to new man)—See here, sir; this won't do. You refer to the late lamented Mr. Greatman, of Chicago, as having been "gathered to his fathers."

New Man (from the East)—It is a Biblical term, sir, and I have seen it used in Philadelphia.

Chicago Editor—It won't do here. Mr. Greatman's mother was divorced and married half a dozen times, and it might look like a reflection on the family.—*Exchange.*

AMONG the most deservedly popular of Gilmore's soloists, Mr. Stengler, the solo clarinet, deserves special mention. A musician on the stage, a gentleman everywhere, he combines the skill of the virtuoso with the modesty of the man of thorough knowledge.

ERNEST REYER is at Uriage, where he is at work on the fourth act of "Salammbo." It is not known whether the opera will be brought out at Paris or at Brussels. The composer answers all interrogations invariably thus, "Where Mlle. Caron is, there only will 'Salammbo' be given."

Mr. L. C. ELSON, musician, wit and journalist, three in one, is giving a series of lectures on musical history at the East, and may possibly make a Western trip with a lecture upon "Wagner and the Bayreuth Festival." If he should conclude to do so, we hope he will push at least as far as St. Louis. We shall probably refer to this matter again—when we shall have received direct advices from Mr. Elson.

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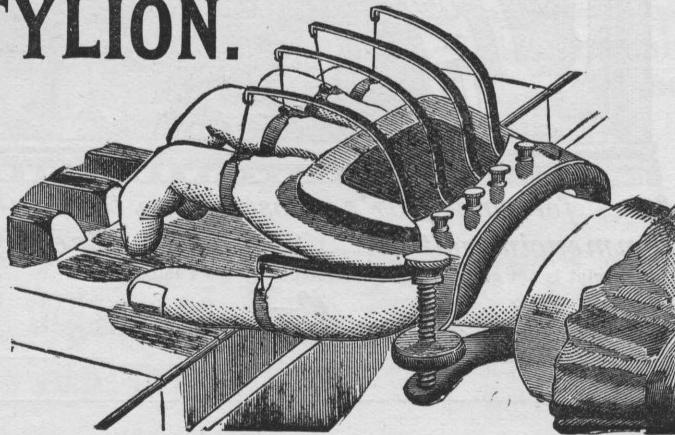
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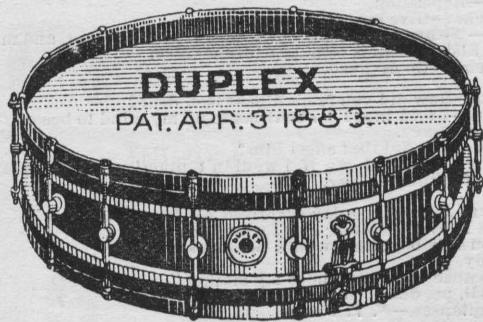
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A RICH merchant and great amateur of music at Leeds, Samson Fox, has given 6,000 pounds to the Royal Conservatory of London, for the construction of a new edifice for the academy.

VON BULOW is to leave Berlin in March directly after the Philharmonic concerts end; he comes to America and will give, in April and May, four Beethoven recitals and two orchestral concerts in New York and the same number in Boston.

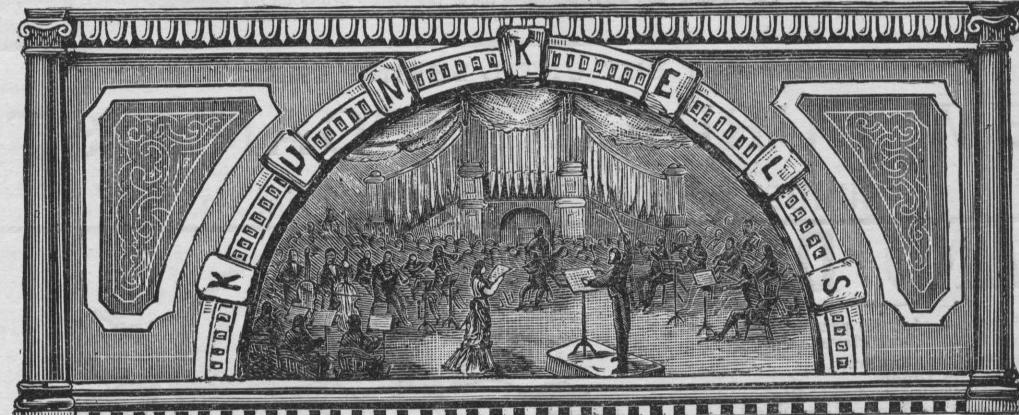
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